

DEDICATED TO MISS GRACE WILHARBER

# MAMMY'S DIXIE SOLDIER BOY

Words and Music by

**NORMAN L.  
LANDMAN**



5

Published for  
BAND and  
ORCHESTRA

Published by  
**WILL ROSSITER**  
THE CHICAGO PUBLISHING COMPANY  
71 W. RANDOLPH ST., CHICAGO ILL.  
Copyright 1917 by Will Rossiter.

5

## MAMMY'S DIXIE SOLDIER BOY

Words and Music by NORMAN H. LANDMAN

*Moderato (Not fast)*

**VAMP**

One day a bugle blew in Dixie-land to call the Southern braves a -  
And so the Dixie boy off to the front soon proved him self a he - ro

way, And as the boys were sayin' their last farewells I saw a man-my bent and gray, Her arms a -  
grand, And when the good news came, "the bat-tle's won," His thots went back to Dixie- land. He saw his

round a boy in kha - ki, She was cryin' as tho' her heart would break, I'm sure there's  
sweet-heart wav-ing to him, As to war he'd proud-ly marched a - way, He saw his

nev-er been, a more pa - the - tic scene, With ev - ry word her heart just seemed to ache:  
mam-my cry, as he had said good - bye, And in fan-cy seemed to hear old mam-my say:

**CHORUS** *a tempo* *p-f*  
"Hon-ey, don't for-get your dear old mam-my Back in Dixie- land Though you're

*a tempo* *p-f*

goin' to fight for Uncle Sam-my, in a suit of kha-ki grand I've loved you like you were my  
 own, but now that you have grown They're tak-ing you a-way from your mam-my old and gray, and from your  
 dear old South-ern home. I can hear the bu - gle blow-ing, it is time you all must  
 go, But if love and pray'r's will help you, You'll re - turn some day I know. Though they  
 say a bu-gle call is mu-sic to a sol-dier's ear, To your poor old mam-my ev-ry sin-gle note's a tear,  
*colla voce*  
*pp both times*  
*rall.*  
*mf*  
*a tempo*  
 Oh hon-ey, how Ise goin' to miss you, 'Cause you're mam-my's Dixie sol - dier boy." Hon-ey, boy."  
*a tempo*  
*rall.*  
*mf*  
*a tempo*  
*1*  
*2*  
*3*  
*4*

